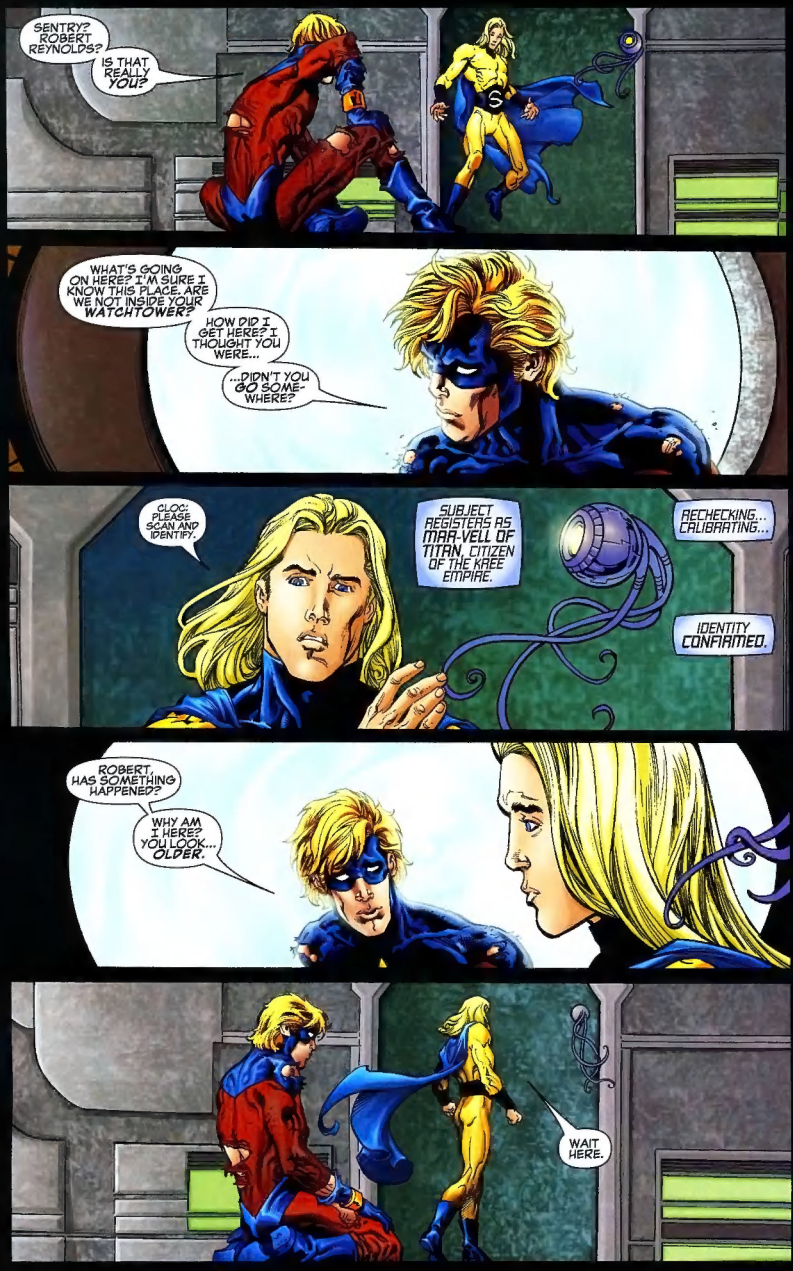
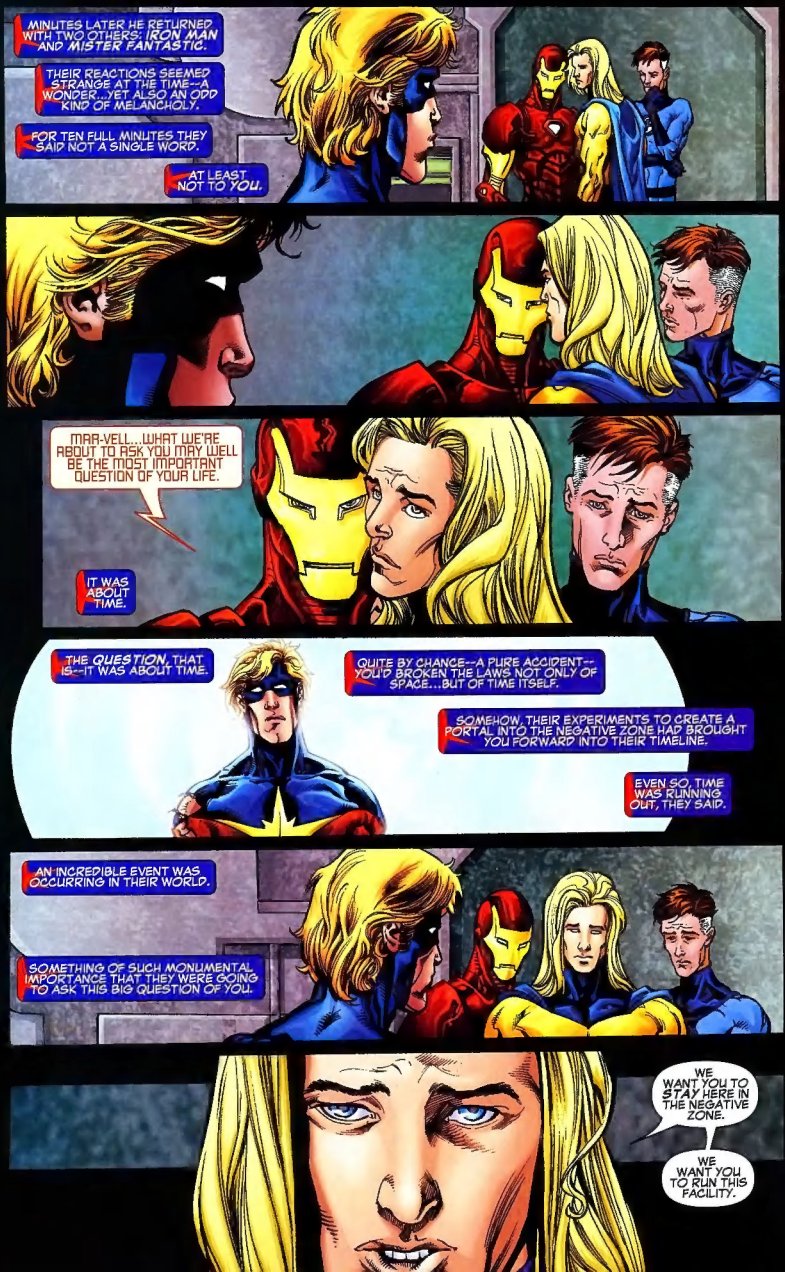
BREET! BREET! BREET! BREET! BREET!
...THERE HAS BEEN A BREACH IN THE OUTER ENVELOPE...
"FANTASY ISLAND" MAXIMUM SECURITY PENAL FACILITY. THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
...ALL PERSONNEL ARE ADVISED TO BEGIN EVACUATION PROCEDURES IMMEDIATELY...
...THERE HAS BEEN A BREACH IN THE OUTER ENVELOPE...
...ALL PERSONNEL ARE ADVISED TO BEGIN EVACUATION PROCEDURES IMMEDIATELY...
WARDEN?
SIR?
SIR...I NEED AN ANSWER. WE'VE LOST CONTAINMENT COMPLETELY--ALL PRISONERS ARE FREE AND OUR SYSTEMS ARE DEAD IN THE WATER.
I NEED TO TELL MY PEOPLE SOMETHING.
I'M THINKING.

IT WAS A MINISCULE ANOMALY--A CREASE IN A SEAM OF THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE.
YOU FELT NOTHING MORE THAN A MILD CURIOSITY AS YOU REACHED OUT TO INVESTIGATE.
A SURGE OF SUBTLE ENERGY COURSED THROUGH YOUR NEGA-BANDS.
ONLY IN SUCH A MANNER DOES THE VERY NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE EVER TRULY CHANGE.
UHH...

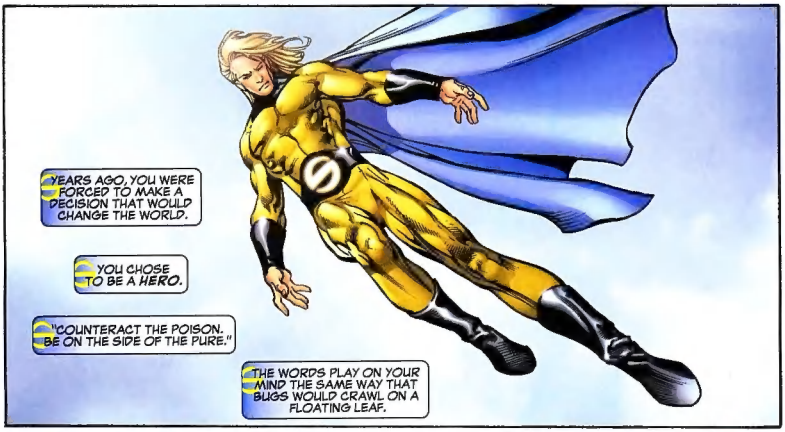

SENTRY? ROBERT REYNOLDS?
IS THAT REALLY YOU?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I'M SURE I KNOW THIS PLACE. ARE WE NOT INSIDE YOUR WATCHTOWER?
HOW DID I GET HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
...DIDN'T YOU GO SOME-WHERE?
CLOC: PLEASE SCAN AND IDENTIFY.
SUBJECT REGISTERS AS MAR-VELL OF TITAN, CITIZEN OF THE KREE EMPIRE.
RECHECKING... CALIBRATING...
IDENTITY CONFIRMED.
ROBERT, HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED?
WHY AM I HERE? YOU LOOK... OLDER.
WAIT HERE.


MINUTES LATER HE RETURNED WITH TWO OTHERS: IRON MAN AND MISTER FANTASTIC.
THEIR REACTIONS SEEMED STRANGE AT THE TIME--A WONDER...YET ALSO AN ODD KIND OF MELANCHOLY.
FOR TEN FULL MINUTES THEY SAID NOT A SINGLE WORD.
AT LEAST NOT TO YOU.
MAR-VELL...WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO ASK YOU MAY WELL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION OF YOUR LIFE.
IT WAS ABOUT TIME.
THE QUESTION, THAT IS--IT WAS ABOUT TIME.
QUITE BY CHANCE--A PURE ACCIDENT--YOU'D BROKEN THE LAWS NOT ONLY OF SPACE...BUT OF TIME ITSELF.
SOMEHOW, THEIR EXPERIMENTS TO CREATE A PORTAL INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE HAD BROUGHT YOU FORWARD INTO THEIR TIMELINE.
EVEN SO, TIME WAS RUNNING OUT, THEY SAID.
AN INCREDIBLE EVENT WAS OCCURRING IN THEIR WORLD.
SOMETHING OF SUCH MONUMENTAL IMPORTANCE THAT THEY WERE GOING TO ASK THIS BIG QUESTION OF YOU.
WE WANT YOU TO STAY HERE IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
WE WANT YOU TO RUN THIS FACILITY.

ROBERT, I UNDERSTAND THE RAMIFICATIONS OF EXISTENCE OUTSIDE OF MY OWN TIME. AN OBVIOUS QUESTION PRESENTS ITSELF:
WHY DO YOU NOT MAKE THIS REQUEST OF THE MAR-VELL OF YOUR ERA?
MAR, OLD FRIEND... HISTORY TELLS US THAT YOU RETURN TO YOUR TIME, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DECIDE HERE. BUT THE PARADOX OF TELLING YOU--
I'M DEAD, AREN'T I?
YOU KNOW I CAN'T ANSWER THAT, MAR.
HOW DO I DIE?
TELL ME, ROBERT.
ONLY IF WE CAN DEPEND ON YOU, MAR. PLEASE... I NEED YOU.
SOMETHING BEYOND DESCRIPTION HAS HAPPENED TO ME SINCE I LAST SAW YOU. IMAGINE A SELF-DETONATING BOMB WITH A SHORT FUSE.
YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I CAN THINK OF WITH THE MEANS TO PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE IF THINGS GO BADLY WITH ME.
HOW DO I DIE? I WANT TO KNOW.
AND MY ELYSIUS... DOES SHE LIVE?
ANSWER ME, ROBERT!
PLEASE, CAPTAIN MARVEL.
THIS IS OUR MOST DESPERATE HOUR.

YOU STAYED WITH THEM... AND LEARNED THE TRUTH.
IT WAS CANCER: GIVEN TO YOU WHEN EXPOSED TO A SPECIFIC TOXIN--A NERVE GAS--DURING A BATTLE WITH THE DEMENTED HUMAN KNOWN AS NITRO.
THE SAME MAN NOW RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SIX HUNDRED AND TWELVE DEAD IN STAMFORD.
ONE DAY YOU NOTICED YOU WERE SICK.
THE KREE CALLED IT THE BLACKEND.
IT WAS INCURABLE BY ANY NAME.
...YOU MADE YOUR PEACE WITH ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.
WITH YOUR BEAUTIFUL ELYSIUS...
...AND WITH GOD.
YOU DIED AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT ON TITAN, SURROUNDED BY THOSE WHO LOVED AND TRUSTED YOU LIKE NO OTHER.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE NEGATIVE SPACE BREACHES THE INNER WALLS OF THE PRISON.
YOU HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO SAVE LIVES. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO BACK OUTSIDE.
THE WORLD IS GOING TO BE A DIFFERENT PLACE. THE HEROES ARE FRACTURED.
IDENTITIES ARE KNOWN.
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.
SO MANY ARE GONE. OTHERS RESURRECTED, LIKE YOU.
THEY NEED YOU.


YEARS AGO, YOU WERE FORCED TO MAKE A DECISION THAT WOULD CHANGE THE WORLD.
YOU CHOSE TO BE A HERO.
"COUNTERACT THE POISON. BE ON THE SIDE OF THE PURE."
THE WORDS PLAY ON YOUR MIND THE SAME WAY THAT BUGS WOULD CRAWL ON A FLOATING LEAF.

NOW, A NEW DECISION OF EQUAL IMPORTANCE: WHAT KIND OF HERO ARE YOU GOING TO BE?
REGISTERED OR UNREGISTERED?
YOU ALWAYS KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME.
I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO BEGIN LIKE THIS.
SENTRY IN
THE DECISION
PAUL JENKINS WRITER
TOM RANEY PENCILS
SCOTT HANNA INKS
SOTOCOLOR'S A. CROSSLEY COLORS
DAVE SHARPE LETTERS
STEPHEN WACKER EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

CLOC: PINPOINT TARGET LOCATION AND IDENTIFY--
UNABLE TO COMPLY, SENTRY. TARGET REMAINS UNDETECTABLE.
ANALYZE AND SPECULATE.
SIR, MY PROBABILITY SUBROUTINES SUGGEST THE SUBJECT HAS STOLEN YOUR OWN ABILITY TO AVOID DETECTION BY DEFLECTING LIGHT AND RADIANT EMISSIONS--
SO HE'S MIMICKING ME?
THAT IS THE MOST LIKELY CONCLUSION.
IT'S TOO QUIET.
IN COMPARISON TO WHAT, SIR?
NOTHING. JUST THINKING OUT LOUD.
PLEASE RECHECK ALL EMISSION BANDWIDTHS.
I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.

KRSH
I LOVE YOU GUYS. I ALWAYS TELL YOU, BUT YOU CAIN'T NEVER HELP YOURSELVES.
I SAID NOT TO TOUCH ME.
STRICTLY SPEAKING, CREEL, MY FOOT CRUSHING YOUR NECK ISN'T CONSIDERED "TOUCHING."

YA THINK YOU'RE SO CLEVER.
BUT ONE LITTLE TOUCH, AN' EVERYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO.
AN' LEMME TELL YA, IT FEELS G---- -UFF!
WHOOOM
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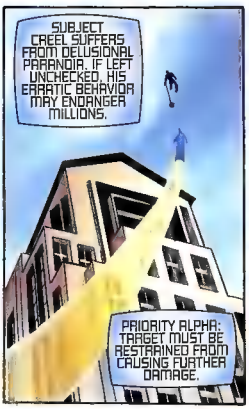
$2.59 9/10

AIN'T NEVER FELT POWER LIKE THIS BEFORE. YOU'VE BEEN HOLDIN' OUT ON ME, SENTRY.

I GOTTA GET SOME ACTION WITH THIS WHILE IT LASTS--
CLOC: PLOT INTERCEPT AND POSIT TACTICAL RESPONSE. NOW!
RESPONSE PARAMETERS UNKNOWN, SIR. TARGET KNOWN AS ABSORBING MAN EXHIBITS ALL OF YOUR PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES, AND IS GAINING IN STRENGTH WITH EACH ENCOUNTER.


SUBJECT CREEL SUFFERS FROM DELUSIONAL PARANOIA. IF LEFT UNCHECKED, HIS ERRATIC BEHAVIOR MAY ENDANGER MILLIONS.
PRIORITY ALPHA: TARGET MUST BE RESTRAINED FROM CAUSING FURTHER DAMAGE.

GOT HIM!
MAINTAIN PHYSICAL CONTACT UNTIL TACTICAL SIMULATION ALGORITHMS ARE COMPLETED.

BAM
UHH...EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, CLOC...

GET OUT OF MY MIND.
DANG...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BRAIN, DUDE?
YOU'RE A BASKET CASE. HOW D'YOU LIVE WITH ALL THAT CLUTTER?
YOU ONLY SEE THE PIECES I LET YOU SEE.
BELIEVE ME, CARL...YOU DON'T WANT TO BE INSIDE MY MIND.
YOU CAN'T WIN, SENTRY...-HCCH!-...I C'N ABSORB YOUR EXACT EQUAL IN STRENGTH--
THAT'S WHY I WAS HOLDING BACK.
YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTAND POWER... BUT YOU DON'T.
YOU COULDN'T EVEN ABSORB THE ENERGY OF A SINGLE PLANET.
LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WITH THE POWER OF ONE MILLION EXPLODING SUNS.

YEAH! BRING IT ON, BABY...
...EHH...
...IT'S ALL GOOD...
...IT'S ALL...
...UHH...
...WAIT...
...OKK...
NN-AHHW! IT'S BURNING MY NERVES! NNAAHHH!
PLEASE... FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...
...MAKE IT STOP--
CREEL MELTS WITH THE POWER OF A MILLION EXPLODING SUNS--ATOM BY ATOM, DISSOLVING INTO PHOTONS AND NEUTRONS AND SOLAR WIND.
YOU ALREADY KNOW HE'LL BE BACK.

AND WHEN HE COMES BACK, WHAT KIND OF WORLD WILL BE WAITING?
WHAT ABOUT YOU, SENTRY? WHERE WILL YOU FIT IN?
HOW MANY TIMES WILL YOU HAVE SAVED THE WORLD?
VOOM
WHO'S TO SAY YOU WON'T BE THE ONE TO DESTROY IT?

WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST DO WHAT YOU DO NOW.
FOR THE BETTERMENT OF ALL MANKIND.
DING
YEAH... GIMME A SECOND HERE.
OKAY, CAN I H--
OH, BOY.
HELLO.
I AM THE SENTRY.
I WISH TO REGISTER MY POWERS AND IDENTITY WITH THE AUTHORITIES.
THE END

KRYPTONIA

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